ENTER ESSAY CONTEST

The Cee-Ay

By the Students of Columbia Academy

WIN TOURNAMENT

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SCHWINN '31 SHORT STORY WINNER

TOURNAMENT DRAWINGS ANNOUNCED BY PROF. G. W. HEITKAMP TODAY

The drawings for the sixth annual Columbia College Catholic High School Basketball Tournament were announced by Prof. G. W. Heitkamp, athletic director of the college, this morning. Twenty-one teams from the teams from the Archdiocese of Dubuque are entered.

The drawings for Tuesday, March 4. are as follows:

St. Wenceslaus (Cedar Rapids)
vs.
St. John's (Independence)

St. Patrick's (Cedar Rapids)
vs.
O. L. V. A. (Waterloo)

St. Joseph's (Mason City)
vs.
St. Mary's (Guttenberg)

Sacred Heart (Waterloo)
vs.
St. Joseph's Bellevue)

Columbia Academy (Dubuque)
vs.
Immaculate Conception (Elma)

I. C. (Cedar Rapids)
vs.
Winner of Game 1

St. Mary's (Waterloo)
vs.
St. Martin's (Cascade)

Rudolphinum (Protivin)
vs.
St. Joseph's (Farley)

The teams from Protivin, Farley and the Holy Family five from Mason City are teams entered for the first year.

Assumption of Cresco and St. Xavier's of Manchester who were in the tournament last year are represented in the 1930 event. The new entries from Protivin, Farley and Mason City, however, raise the number of teams to twenty-one compared to the twenty of last year.

SUPPLE APPOINTED AS NEW STUDENT ORGANIST

James Supple, '32, of Chicago, Illinois, has been appointed student organist for the academy to succeed Joseph Wilberding of last years class.

He commenced his duties last Sunday at the Benediction service. Several years of piano lessons have enabled him to become a fairly accomplished player. His appointment to the vacancy relieves Wilberding of the '33 class of Columbia College, the added responsibilities of academy organist.

Ben Greet Players Fulfill Every Expectation In Columbia Performance

The Ben Greet Players, celebrated English Shakespearean actors, lived up to the expectations of everybody who attended their matinee performance of "Twelfth Night" and their evening offering of "Much Ado About Nothing" at the Columbia Auditorium last Thursday, February 20.

This troupe, under the leadership of Sir Philip Ben Greet himself, were far superior to any other Shakespearean company that has come this way in a number of years. The cast was uniformly excellent, the opposite of the average company which is composed of one or two stars surrounded with a group of little more than "hams". Crowded with students in the afternoon, the Columbia Auditorium rocked with laughter at the brilliance of "Twelfth Night". Without a doubt young America, despite its reputed bad manners, comprehended that there was such a thing as humor in Shakespeare. Alison Pickard as Viola was effective in every way and just as charming as she was effective. There is no doubt that she succeeded in captivating the audience by her grace and voice. Russell Thornkide as Sir Toby, Stanford Holme as Sir Andrew and Bruno Barnabe in the role of the jester, especially in the drinking scene, brought series of whole-hearted and unrestrained laughs by rollicking portrayals of the famous characters. Sir Ben played a droll Malvolio and Thea Holme was a beautiful Olivia. Alison Pickard, withal, took the laurels.

In the evening "Much Ado About Nothing" was a performance that approached the ideal of this play as it should be done. It is a play of Shakespeare in his lightest mood. It is a comedy of Elizabethan manners in their most graceful and witty style. Its charms dazzle the reader under a library lamp, with its flow of epigrams, verbal felicities, puns and wisecracks. And this was just the way it was played by the Ben Greet players. The company has fifty years of classic ritual behind it, but their manner was entirely up-to-date. They read the mighty (and often obsolete) lines with a beautiful clarity of vigorous, lucid English speech. In this regard they were much better than in their matinee performance. They got under the skin of Elizabethan character and brought the old romance to light. Russell Thorndike's Benedick was superb and Thea Holme seemed to arise from the colorless person she seemed to be as Olivia to play a masterful Beatrice who won the hearts of all.

The costuming of the play was gay, decorative scholarship. Taken by and large the work of the whole company stood for the soundest interpretation of Shakespeare's plays than can be found on the English speaking stage in this era of neglected classics.

ANNUAL ESSAY CONTEST OPENS THIS AFTERNOON

The Annual Essay Contest of Columbia Academy opens today, February 26, and will close March 31 at 9:00 p. m., according to the contest sponsor, Rev. Urban Churchill. Everyone is urged to enter, but all selections must be the entree's own work. Gold, silver, and bronze medals are offered for the first three places.

The Verse Contest closed last Friday, February 21. Father Churchill, the sponsor expects to have the judges selected and the poems in their hands soon. A comparatively small number contributed to the contest but according to Father Churchill, the contest was of quality rather than quantity.

RUSH PICTURE TAKING FOR 1930 PURGOLD

Group pictures of the first, second and third academics were taken by Mould's Studio last Tuesday morning in the academy gym. The pictures, taken for the Purgold have already been returned to the staff for approval.

Various scholastic and athletic organizations have been photographed and it is hoped that all pictures for the book will be finished this week.

The Senior class panels have been completed by the engraver and the column effect of the groups is considered quite novel. The editorial staff under Gordon Saunders and Bernard Nash have started their work and the greater part of the production will be ready for the printers.

Two hundred high school basketball players will visit at Columbia for the tournament on March 4, 5 and 6. For many of these players it will be their first visit here. Remember that first impressions are lasting, and that these young men are your guests. Extend to them your hospitality and welcome. Introduce them to the true Columbia spirit.

THIRD AC MERITS GOLD MEDAL; SCHROEDER AND ROSECRANS ALSO PLACE

After an excitingly keen competition in the Short Story Contest of 1930, Philip Schwinn's, "The Absolution" was awarded the gold medal. It is the story of a man's fight against his God and is done wonderfully well. It is an old story, a quaint tale of tensifying interest and is reprinted elsewhere in this issue.

Second prize was merited by Edward Schroeder, with his story "The Fulfillment" and third was captured by Harry Rosecrans' entry, "A Santa of Circumtance."

Two of Edward Palen's works were given honorable mentions, "Indirect Revenge" and "Silence Please." Other selections by the judges for honorable mentions were, "The Fruit of Toil", Clarence McMahon; James Trow's, "Robbery"; Robert Swartzell, "Hard Luck"; Bernard Nash, "King for a Day"; Nicholas Gindorff, "Lucky-Go-Happy"; Harlan Melchior, "Friends Forever"; Arthur Frick, "Return from the Dead"; John O'Rourke, "Hero Stuff"; William Most, "Mu". One first academic was among the list of honorable mentions, Robert Spahn, who handed in the story "Foiled."

There were 32 stories entered in the contest seven of which were written by first year men, three from the second acs, three from the third and nineteen from the seniors. Ten of the nineteen of the seniors entries received an honorable mention or above. Two of the three handed in by juniors were prize winners. Two of the three handed in by sophomores were given honorable mentions and one of the seven by freshmen was cited for quality.

The annual short story contest is the most favored among the students. This may be shown by the fact that there are more entries in it than any other. The work of judging was far more difficult than ever before for there are usually some

(Continued on page 4)

ANNUAL MAGAZINE DRIVE IS ON

The Annual Magazine Drive which is to secure money for the foreign missions and the Propagation of the Faith Unit was launched recently. Prizes for the groups turning in the greatest poundage will be $5, $3 and $1 respectively.

Each group is headed by a 'fourth ac' and already the rivalry is becoming keen, the various transportation committees also headed by 'fourth acs' are working overtime to keep their various groups ahead. 'Jim' Trow has been given the credit of handing in the first magazines.

THE CEE-AY

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James Trow '30	Phillip Schwinn '31	John O'Rourke '32
William Leary '30	John Lyons '31	Joseph Boland '33

WHY KEEP LENT?

Religion is a binding force between a man and his God. It is that element in life which nurtures the consciousness of the sovereignty of the Creator and the dependence of the creature which leads to fitting expressions of service. It moves the intellect to contemplation of this relationship, and opens the soul to the graces which make closer union possible.

Union with God is our aim here on earth and our hope for eternity. The wisdom of God made manifest His divinity when the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us in the person of Jesus Christ, which enabled man to more easily effect this union. Henceforth man had a more tangible object of loyalty and service—not a transcendental ideal but a living personality who established closer communication between God and man by uniting the two in the God-man, Christ.

Union with Christ is, consequently, union with God. This union is attained by imitation of the life of the Savior. He denied Himself by emptying Himself of His divinity to become a servant for us; He took for his motto, "Not My will but Thine (God the Father's) be done"; for forty days He fasted and prayed in the desert, withdrawing from the legitimate pleasures of life to prepare for His work and Calvary.

During the Holy Season of Lent we, following this divine model, deny ourselves, subjecting our wills to the will of God and His Church, and by prayer and fasting withdraw from lawful pleasures so as to share in the sufferings of Christ in a small way in order that we might participate in His triumph on Easter Sunday.

In this way we join with Christ in His work. Uniting with Him we are uniting with God and fulfilling our aim here on earth. We are attaining the object of religion and making strides toward our true destiny, eternal life.

COLUMBIA ENVIRONMENT

Environment tends to weaken or strengthen one. It is in our prime, particularly our high school days, that elements for good or for bad begin to influence the center of life, the soul.

It is here we stand on the threshold of tomorrow ready to dash into that raging sea of the world. Are we going to guard our soul with Christ in this mad whirl of life? If so, build a foundation of permanent rock while in this spring of life. You are not lost for a workshop to lay this foundation in, for Columbia offers its motherly protection. It is the place where the banner of Christ is placed in a boy's hand; where He is made a real and personal factor in influencing the boy's soul so that it may be opened to God and closed to evil. Columbia inculcates, at this deciding moment, lifetime habits, habits that will clothe us with the armor of Christ which will protect that precious and vital force of life eternal, the soul. Being placed in this environment you are nourished spiritually so when you run the race of life you are not lost in some obscure byway. Therefore, let us follow Columbia's leadership both in her traditions and spirit.

IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY

The other day we saw a priest of Columbia Academy walking down Fourteenth Street carrying a traveling bag. One of the academy students, a member of the third year class, stepped up to the Father and said, "Father, won't you please let me give you a lift. It is a little warm this afternoon." He took the suitcase and carried it nearly to the Illinois Central station when Father dismissed him with thanks. Here is just another of the many examples seen every day of a Columbia Academy student putting into practice some principle learned in class.

THE ABSOLUTION

Prize-winning Story by

PHILIP VAL SCHWINN

This is an old, old story—a story that compels me to write about it, not as I would, but rather as my soul directs me to. The emotions of my inward self become as an overlord to me—not suppressing me, but rather urging me to impart to you, to anyone, the little moral this tale might hold. Sitting in my study, a painted barkentine in a hazy sea beneath a phosphorous moon looking down on me from a soft blue wall, this old, quaint tale with its tensifying fascination comes back to my troubled mind, and carries me to a distant land of northern lights. Once again I become a roaming child, whiling away my wandering life in another man's country.

I must tell you first where I heard this strange tale. It was from a tall, old man while I was traveling near Windmill's Head on the eastern coast of Newfoundland. I was seated on a salt bleached stone. The old man was squat upon a codfish box. He was stooped with age, and wan; his hair was hoar with years, and his pale blue eyes were deeply sunk in their bony sockets; his long lean hands, and glowing face of expression, and fathomless hollow voice exerted its weird force so upon my own tainted soul that the lone call of a sea gull and the lisping waves at my feet frightened me and compelled me —whether from fear, I know not— to draw more tightly my clock about my shoulders. It was cold.

He told of a man, a sailor man, who sailed across his sea of life in a skiff of tainted vice driven to its journey's end by a wind of piquant hautiness. The sailor, the old man said, was once a little child with lustrous eyes of innocence and a love for his "Child Jesus". He once had folded his arms, and bowed his head, and listened to his mother's prayer to "save my little bright haired fisher boy and make him, too, an angel near His throne." But years and the world have changed those eyes of love and innocence, and now the last brown pebble of life, called death, is slipping slowly down the glassy sides of time, and is about to fall with one great thud into the other sands that saw this sailor man an innocent child, then a devil personified, and once again a child. The story, told to me, I will tell to you as best I can.

"It was many year ago, frien', that Cap'n Ryan, Invinceble Ryan! they called him, sail on this here coast. Ryan was very proud. He was as stubborn as the mast o' he boat, the "Nancy". It was good boat, too. Best as ever was made. Ryan knowed it, and he rely on't much.

Well now, the story I tell you happen on turrible night. All day it rain kinda, and now in the evenin' the sky was kinda yeller. Well, Ryan said to people that he go to sea that night.

'You afraid.' People say this to him.

Ryan say: 'Like hell I'm afraid. I'm going out. I show you.'

Now the wind was kinda startin' ta blow. Them little waves splashed and coughed agin the shore. It begin ta rain agin and the wind git co and fast. The sea sorta growi, and little lightnin' make the coast scair

I was just sittin' around with so old fishers up yonder in the b Ryan cum walkin' along and go in saloon where I was in. He got drink, then look around as if want ta talk ta somebody. He wo big sea coat and boots, and he lo like a fo'c'stle. I was standin' ne him, and he pat me on shoulder a then run he fingers in my hair.

'You gonna be big sailor, some da boy. You got nice hair. I like 'e long and fleecy like,' he say ta me.

'Say mister, you aint goin' o t'nite, are you?' I asks him, and shook my head and look in he h eyes. 'It gonna storm and the Nan might not be safe.'

I hurt he feelin's and he sudden turn around.

'Say, d'ya know me? Buck Rya I'm goin' out on that pond and little wind can blow me off o' Shut up, now. My boat canna si and I'm too durn good a sailor ta her. Why, not even Jeesh Chri kin bust ME or MY BOAT!'

He hand was so tight around glass that it broke all up. When say this, I jus' walked off and foug ta myself that God couldna let h git away wi' what he say.

Shore enough, the Nancy go o that night. Wise old sailors sho their heads and d'termined ta up and watch till Ryan cum bac cuz they knew thata Ryan could stay out wi' thhe wind blowin' way it was. I sorta hung around, a when I hinckered a little they l me stay up, too.

After a little while suddenly got real stormy. The sea boil, a the sky look like mud. The wi got fast as harpoon and cold devil. It wasn't long and the Nan disappeared around the bend there. She couldna land anymo so the other sailors went ta the shacks. I was only a kid, so I snu off and up the shore I goes 'cuz wanted ta watch what happened Ryan. I liked him. Jus' around t bend I saw the stern light. T boat was cuttin' agin theh wind, a it was goin' up and down like a cor Suddenly the light go way up in t air, then, slowly down and down, a I never seed it agin.

Then I heerd them holler and cu and the wind yell like crazy fool. was jus' stunned. Everythin' w mad. Thunder and l'ghtnin' and s hollerin.' Noise, NOISE! It dro me mad! I holler and yell, b nothin' came ta me only lightni and thunder and the roarin' sea tr in' ta git me. I ran inta Percy L kin's old shack behind a big roc and fall down in a corner and unconscious.

I musta lay three hours. I could na move when I come to. All of sudden I heard a door squeak. open! Who stand in that door? Goo Lord, it Ryan! He swum ashore a got safe! He look like mad. Hair a over he face. White as death! The was a big cut on he chest. He stan there a minute, then, thunder ye

(Continued on page 4)

GUBS COMPLETE SCHEDULE TONIGHT

DUHAWKS CLOSE SEASON WITH PENN TILT HERE A WEEK FROM TONIGHT

The Varsity basketball five will complete its season's schedule at home on March 3 when they meet Penn College in an Iowa Conference tilt.

The game will mark the last appearance of Captain Buzz Hogan and Jack Finley in Purple and Gold basketball suits and a great crowd will be out to bid farewell to the two regulars. Captain Hogan in his four seasons as a regular guard at Columbia has been a star performer since his freshman year. Playing with Eddie Brennan, who graduated last year, he was a part of a combination of pony guards who were the sensation of Iowa basketball circles as the greatest defensive duo in Columbia court game history.

As captain of this year's five, and playing without Brennan, Hogan again stood out as the greatest guard in the conference and distinguished himself by his qualities of leadership, dependability and almost perfect play.

Finley has been a steady player who subjected his personal ability to working smoothly in the Armstrong machine and was in the game every minute he was in the line-up. A serious illness kept him out of most of last year's schedule but he came back again this season to win the first string center post and hold it all through the campaign.

The loss of these two men will be keenly felt by the team and coach. A large crowd of friends and admires of both players will be on hand to give them the send-off they deserve.

LACKE NEW ASSISTANT STUDENT MANAGER

Joseph Lacke, '32, of Cuba City, Wisconsin, has been appointed new Assistant Student Manager and will succeed James Tunnissen, '31, of Winner, South Dakota who will be promoted to the position of Student Manager due to the coming vacancy when John Fabish, the present officer, graduates.

Joe has been appointed to this position by Rev. I. J. Patinode, director of Columbia Academy, and will assume his duties this coming May. This places him in line for Student Managership which office succeeds the Assistant Managership.

Lacke has already interested himself in sports when he took charge of the "Horseshoe Tournament" last fall, of the present class basketball games, and also helped in preparing the ice rink and toboggan slides durig the cold weather.

The Academy is certainly grateful to Father Zeyen, pastor of St. Mary's in Dubuque for providing facilities for basketball at the parish hall for the boys of the St. Mary's grade school. There is no doubt that such opportunities will provide many Columbia Academy stars for the future.

4C DEFEATS 3B TEAM IN WEEK'S INTRAMURAL LEAGUE FEATURE GAME

The past week's play in the Intramural Basketball League left four of the class teams still in the undefeated column. 4C in the major loop, and 2A, 2B and 2C in the minor circuit completed the week's schedule in the 1000 class.

The feature game of the week was in the major section when Captain Lanigan and his 4C men, although they are one of the strongest teams in the league, nearly met defeat when they clashed with 3B. The game was close at all times and very little scoring was done due to great guarding on both sides. Lanigan and Marr were the only players on eitner team who made more than one basket. The score at the half was 6 to 4 and at the end of the game was 8 to 7.

With this one point margin and less than a minute to play, Dutch Maiers, of 3B, was awarded two free-throws which, doubtlessly due to the tension of the situation, he missed. Captain Conlan of 3B immediately got the ball off the backboard and took two shots from the free throw circle. Both of his efforts rolled around the rim but fell out. Bob Marr, 4C guard, was put out of the game with four personal fouls, the first player in either league to be ejected for this reason. Bob's fouls were due to the hard game he was playing to stop the onslaught of Pauly, Conlan and company of 3B. The summary:

Four C—	FG	FT	PF
Dulin, f	0	0	1
O'Leary, f	0	0	0
Lanigan, c	2	0	1
Marr, g	2	0	4
Vaske, g	0	0	0
Henry, g	0	0	0
Totals	4	0	6

Three B—	FG	FT	PF
Maiers, f	0	0	0
Donovan, f	1	0	0
Groff, c	0	0	0
Graber, c	1	0	0
Conlan, g	1	1	0
Pauly, g	0	0	0
Totals	3	1	0

Referee—Fr. Patnode.

Other scores in the Intramural League are:
2A—14; 1B—3.
4A—8; 3B—20.
2C—16; 1A—12.
4C—21; 3A—7.
4A—11; 3C—7.
2A—20; 1C—7.
2B—22; 1A—12.
2C—16; 1B—10.
1A—3; 1B—11.
3A—6; 3B—26.

Sure signs of spring: Baby carriages, rhubarb, and Father Loosbrock out swinging a golf club.

Boys hanging out the windows whistling at damsels passing by is another sign of spring—a loose spring.

ACADEMY FIVE BREAKS EVEN IN THEIR TWO CEDAR RAPIDS GAMES

The Gubs split the two games in their trip to Cedar Rapids Friday and Saturday by winning at St. Wenceslaus, the stronger team, and dropping a game to the Shamrocks at St. Patricks. The Wenceslaus win was by a 20 to 15 score and the loss at St. Pat's was by a 25 to 21 score.

The game at St. Patrick's should have been put on the winning side of the ledger as the Gubs took the Shamrocks easily a few weeks ago when the Irish played here in Dubuque. In Friday's game they apparently had the tilt on ice when something or other broke up the team's morale and they appeared to present the victory to the West Siders in the last quarter.

The Shamrocks got off to a good start and at the beginning of the second quarter held a 6 to 3 advantage when the Gubs came through with four consecutive field goals from tip-off plays to hold the lead at the half with 11 to 6.

The Irish came up in the third quarter to trail by a lone point in the 18 to 17 score at that time. The final lap found the Green still climbing to a 25 to 18 lead where the Columbians put on steam to garner three more points in a rally which was terminated by the closing pistol, the final score resting at 25 to 21 in favor of the Cedar Rapids five.

Moving over to the South Side on Saturday night to meet the stronger St. Wenceslaus quintet, the Junior Purple and Golders played bang up basketball. Leading 4 to 3 at the close of the first quarter, 9 to 8 at the half, tied 13 to 13 at the termination of the third period, tied again 15 to 15 with but two minutes of the final quarter remaining, Leary and Knox snagged field goals and Zieppprecht toosed in a gift shot for the five point final advantage.

Despite the very mediocre season enjoyed by the Columbians, the games at Cedar Rapids enabled the Gubs to break even with both teams for the year. A win over the team from Monticello a week ago will make it possible for them to at least break even with Sacred Heart no matter what the outcome of the game there next week will be. These three teams are outstanding in the Dubuque district and by breaking even the 1929 Gubs have not lost any ground in the year after year competition in which they usually experience little difficulty in winning most of the games from these schools.

EXTRA!

The biggest game of the year for the Lightweights will be played tonight on the College floor against Washington Junior High heavyweights. Both teams have won one game. This will be for the championship as both have defeated Jefferson.

The Little Giants will meet the Washington Lights at 6:45 and the other game will follow immediately.

GUBS MEET MONTICELLO WEDNESDAY AND THEN REST FOR TOURNAMENT

The Gubs will close their basketball season next Wednesday evening at Monticello when they meet the Sacred Heart High quintet in the usual return game, the first having been won by Columbia.

A week's rest will then be in order as a preparation for the annual Columbia College tournament which will be held in the college gymnasium on March 4, 5 and 6.

The great improvement of the Gubs in the past few weeks has raised the hopes of academy followers for a good showing in the yearly classic. Having split even with St. Wenceslaus and St. Patricks, two of the strongest teams, the Junior Purple and Golders who have proved themselves in the past to be a good tournament team may provide the proverbial dark horse for the 1930 event. Coach Cretzmeyer will give them a good smoothing off before the tourney with instructions for best combatting each team to be met and, though not as strong as Gubs of the past, the present members of the squad may make things interesting for the more favorite quintets who are moving on Dubuque intent on breaking the reign of the Cretzmen.

TABLE FIVE STARVES OUT WAITERS IN 23 TO 8 CAGE VICTORY

Months of neglect and poor service was finally punished last Wednesday night when the hitherto undefeated waiters were defeated by Table Five by a score of 23 to 8 in the Table Basketball League.

Gonner, not forgetful of the soup poured down his back and the coffee (?) spilled in his lap since last September, got even with a vengeance by scoring eleven points for Table Five.

The whole Table Five team, inspired by the same revengeful thoughts played like champions and snowed the up-to-that-time 1000 permillers under with a barrage of scoring tosses. Tackace of the waiters played his usual good game but the rest of the food-toters had apparently overeaten the stuff from the profs' table and were far from the form shown in previous encounters. O'Leary, one of their most dependable players was out of the entire game due to illness.

This defeat of the Waiters leaves Table Eight the favorites to go through for the refectory championship.

Other scores in the Table League were as follows:
Table VII—9; Table XVI—2.
Table III—3; Table XI—1.
Table XV—13; Table XIV—7.
Table IV—6; Table X—3.
Table VII—12; Table I—5.
Table XV—12; Table XI—8.
Table XII—11; Table II—8.
Table VIII—16; Table III—11.
Table XV—19; Table XIII—0.

DRESS PARADE

Jehring—"Jim"—annual proof of the adage that all the world loves a fat man. Not an athlete. A Main street tourist on a sunny afternoon. Has a Quakerish attitude toward Thomas and aims to be his dad's best beef ad. Believes in reduction—naval and avoirdupois (the latter to the extent of a well equipped private gym).

Leary—"Bill"—a dreamy eyed visitor from the "promissed land" of the Mormons. Occasionally awakened and when so, snatches the very breath from the foe with a spectacular basket, a wicked tackle or a love set with the racquets. First ranking tennis "shark" and one of the few who can hold the Loras champ at bay. Regards his literary efforts as Byron did his "Childe Harold," etc. Might try track except for a dogged Morpheus. Lanigan's best bet for answers in English class.

Kelly—"Art"—a molehill of a cheer-leader with a mountain of a voice but entirely lacking in rhythm. Possessor of the only loose-leaf textbooks in the school. Quite unhandy when dropped but "Little Artie" is generally true to Murad standards.

Lanigan—"Primo"—goes in for fur coats in a big way. Would be willing to impersonate Ichabod Crane if he had a lofty charger. Could imitate a siren before he had his tonsils removed but now nothing rattles and his best efforts are directed toward the perfecting of a systematic response to chapel prayers. Would prefer to live in Dubuque instead of deah old Evanston except that he might miss the '30 World's Fair.

THIRD AC MERITS GOLD MEDAL; SCHROEDER AND ROSECRANS ALSO PLACE

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stories that may be picked immediately; but not so this year for after the decisions of three of the judges were turned in it was found that there was a tie for first and the other places could not be figured without the opinion of another judge. A fourth was then employed who in turn made the decisions more complicated. A fifth turned the tables and the final reckoning found Phillip Schwinn, Edward Schroeder and Harry Rosecrans in the lead with a dozen others in close pursuit.

MANY IMPROVEMENTS MADE ON BUILDINGS

Several repairs have been undertaken during the past week among them, the purchase of a new set of bells for class room and building use, the repairing of the old power house and smoker into a storehouse.

Considerable difficulty has been experienced recently among the bells and it is hoped by this recent installation of new bells to secure better rising results among the boarders.

A new floor was built in the old power house which is to be converted into a magazine room for the Propagation of the Faith. New casements, windows and roof will insure a water proof place for magazine storage.

TID BITS

Donahue is blushingly gallant at the basketball games despite the unasked for advice of the rabble.

Thomas braves the banter of his friends and dates for the games, while Volz admires his taste from afar.

"Boots"Ellwanger insists that a certain girls name is pronounced with the "f" silent, as in Constantinople.

Kleiner (in Physics class): "If the days are getting longer, that means the nights get shorter, doesn't it. Father?" (Joe is **the** Physics shark).

Ziepprecht made four field goals in the last game. Wonder who was using his complimentary ticket?

With spring seemingly here we should here from our poet, Ed. Schroeder.

The Utah Kid has his own following among the better halves. We offer you congratulations. (Lannigan offers felicitations.)

It is reported that the Titus Institute considers Artie Kelly one of their most progressive students. (Artie is taking a course in muscle building, you know) We expect great things of Artie at the dear old Badger U.

These senior questionaires should have included a space for the most popular, best looking etc. Then they wouldn't have been so difficult to fill out. We might have elected the prom queen while we were at it.

Knockers are those individuals who are so concieted that they think that every activity in which they do not participate is all wrong. They think that every person who is in these activities should be perfect and when they find that he is not perfect and can occasionally make a mistake, they are discontented and begin to knock.

How often do you hear the statement "Aw, he's no good" or "The team's terrible" or some such statement. The team may be the worst in the state, it may be the worst in the country, it may not even resemble a team, but that team is your school, it is you and if you haven't the nerve to back the team, to encourage instead of knock the good work that they're trying to do, the best place for you is six feet under ground where all the dead people are, for your spirit is dead.

So remember this, if you want to critisize, go ahead, but if you can't do anything but knock, the best thing for you to do is **Shut Up!**

Dick Barkley showed Cedar Rapids what a real basketball guard looks like on the recent trip when the Gubs met St. Patrick's and St. Wenceslaus. The Cedar Rapids papers boosted the kid to the skies.

And the 22nd of February had to come on a Saturday.

THE ABSOLUTION

(Continued from page 2)

like mad devil and he fall down like dead.

I don't know how long we lay. Ryan never seed me when he cum in, he didn', he didn'. Mornin' start cumin' in the latch, now. Ryan start ta move and moan. I listen. Soon he talk ta himself. I couldn't hear what he say. It scare me, though. Then he holler like mad. He git up. Eyes shine like glass. Blood from he cut all over he belly. Door was open and he look out, and he cussed with turrible oath and fell agin the wall.

'No, no. You canna git me. Chrish, I say. Got my boat, my men—lousy fools, but you didna get me. You canna! You canna! Chrish, I'm Ryan!' He holler at God like fool. He roared more louder than the sea. He voice was low and hollow, but it was loud. He was mad. I tell you, friend, he was crazy. He yell at God; make fist at cloud and cuss 'em. Blood cum from the cut on he chest in big gushes. Suddenly he fall down agin. He fingers pull he hair; he legs twist and wriggle. He moan as if fightin' with somebody or somethin'. He talk about the devil, about God, about he mother. Then he'd cuss them all. For awhile he lay still. Then he talk aloud.

'He git me. They come! They're afightin' for me! Where is she? My mother. Will I go ta heaven, mother? Ooh! Here they come agin! Where's my boat? Oh—oh God, I give in. Is there no one in this whole wide world who will say "I forgive you?" Is there no one who will recognize me after I have been sorry? God, isn't there anyone who will believe I'm humble? God, You will listen to my mother's prayer when even the very world itself, the devil, is sucking the blood from my wounds! Is there no one who will not forgive? Will not the Padre from the village make even the Sign of the Cross over my cancered soul? Will You not even show me a sign that I'm saved? Ooh God! Save me! Save me!'

Friend, Ryan pleaded in nice words I never hard from him before. He pleaded ta God 'ntil I thought he asked away he life. He had sorrow and he asked the Lor' for a sign of grace. Everythin' was still. I was stiff from cold. A light cum in the shack! The drops of water on the ceilin' sparkle like diamond jewel. Ryan got up (he wasn't dead), and lean agin the wall. He look like diffrunt man. Suddenly a hand came on the wall. It move! The Sign of the Cross!

'The A-ABSO-LUTION!! Thank GOD! I'm saved!'

Then Ryan, he arms outstretched, stagger back and the cut rip clear across he chest. The blood all cum out in one big gush—it was the soul of him goin' out. Then he gasped "God" and fall down. Ryan—Ryan, he dead. Then the thunder and the sea roar like hell agin. And it was hell, too. The devil was mad becuz he lost Ryan's soul, and he growled and howled in the thunder. God was merciful ta Ryan when he got humble. He even gave Ryan His Own Hand, His Own Absolution on the wall in Lukin's shack. He saved Ryan from the devil and heaven won—heaven had conquered the devil, and the hell, and the world!"

Even himself becoming eloquent, the old man thus concluded his taie. The old man arose and disappeared into the inky darkness of some tumbledown fisherman's hut. Never since have I seen his real form. But, I suppose, I will forever see that old gray outline, eyes cast towards heaven, arms waving with emotion, standing in the mists that has ever since lingered before my eyes. Never will that slow tragic voice end its resonance in my ears. He painted a picture in my soul, and preached a sermon to my heart, the like of which, no other human genuis has ever reproduced. My story may not have been as clear to you as the old man told it to me. It lacked those broken words, and those eyes of passion. But I only hope that my tale may dab just one blotch of color upon your lives; that you can understand that no soul, no matter of what consequence it be, can transgress the portals of heaven in the robes of pride; that the words of the Magnificant are still as true as the story I told you.

Deposuit potentes de sede—
Et exultavit humiles!

ACADEMY GRIDDERS TO APPPEAR IN DRAMATIC CLUB'S NEW OFFERING

The versatility of Columbia football players is attested by the presence of many of the 1929 Gubs in the cast of the Dramatic Club's latest offering "The Fortune Hunter."

Among those taking roles are Co-Captains Barkley and Toner, Captain-elect Tom Donahue, regular guard Carney, guard Plass and quarterback Jimmy Trow.

The leading role of the fortune hunter will be taken by James Carney and the rest have important parts.

It seems as if Father McDonald in looking for candidates stepped across the hall to Father Patnode's room and borrowed the huskies until the opening of spring football practice.

ANNOUNCE PLANS FOR GREATER DEVELOPMENT OF COLUMBIA MUSEUM

The Columbia Museum, under the supervision of Rev. William Kessler has acquired additional floor space in Science Hall and are now busy placing and filing new exhibits recently obtained.

The new addition to their quarters allows the staff to work on the various displays that will be opened soon. Redecoration of the rooms will be finished this week and the new cases recently purchased will be installed.

The recent invitation to the teachers of the city will be followed by one for the general public, the museum being opened certain days. The magazine drive is showing tendencies of being very successful and with a considerable time left many valuable copies are expected to be donated.